



# The Magna Cogitatio



6 0 2

## Chapter 1 by Lewis Peterson

"Man is a curious creature. A creature who has always pondered the meaning of things. What is the meaning of our existence? There is one simple answer. Man lives to love."

In the beginning there was Time. When it had manifested, is beyond all knowledge and comprehension that any mere mortal could understand. All that is known is that Time was. And the infinitesimal empty cosmos harbored it. Time was merely a day old when the first entity was manifested. Ripples of life danced across the cosmos as the first great entity was manifested, and He was great in power and knowledge of all things. HE was like you and me, the form of a human, but his power and knowledge surpassed that of human capability. His skin was pure white, with no blemish, similar to that of ivory. His eyes were pure black, like that of the empty cosmos. HE called himself Illum. And Illum was alone, spiritless, and confused. Illum had filled the empty cosmos, yet He felt empty. Illum felt purposeless. Why had he manifested into this empty universe?

And so it was that Illum wandered aimlessly throughout the cosmos, lost, confused, and without meaning. Until, out of pure necessity, a great disturbance ensued. And the very essence of Time shook. And the second entity was manifested. And SHE was also like you and me, the form of a

human, but SHE was a great powerful entity just like Illum was. She had skin the color of the darkest black, seemingly unimagined. Her eyes were white, much like the skin of Illum. SHE opened her eyes, and she beheld that she was beautiful, and her beauty was like no other. SHE saw Illum with his life eyes, and saw Illum. She saw that Illum was very handsome, and she approached him. Illum felt a great compulsion

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within his soul and did the same. The two great beings came together and joined as one. Not one in body, but one in heart. One in soul. And the great equation of life was created. Suddenly, Illum's confusion disappeared. The joining of Man and Woman, the perfect union, brought to pass the first emotion: Love. And Love brought the first light to the universe. No longer did Illum feel confused and purposeless. Love brought meaning to life.

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